

THE YOUTH'S REALM

> 1897 CHRISTMAS 1897 <

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THE YOUTH'S REALM

A CLEAN PAPER & THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Written for The Youth's Realm.

A Christmas Surprise.



My recollections of early childhood have not faded out during these latter years of busy life in a great metropolis. My mind still goes back to those early days, especially as Christmas approaches, and I recall the experience of one particular Christmas eve with mingled dread and pleasure.

We were then living on a farm in a scantily-settled township of California, far away from friend or neighbor. Our family was small, consisting of Father, Mother, my sister, who was a few years older than I, and myself, then a very small boy. Our two-story house was a mere shanty such as miners live in temporarily. It had stood on the hill for years, threatening to fall to pieces during many a severe storm.

To go back some years in my story let me say that my grandfather built that house in 1849, the first year of the gold excitement in California. It served its purpose in its day, for Grandfather was a miner, and lived alone in the little cabin, expecting to return home some day with a large fortune. My mother, the only remaining one of a large family, who was then living in the east, received numerous letters from Grandfather, all filled with news of his successes, and of his intention to return at no distant date. But all at once the letters stopped coming. There was surely some mystery which we were unable to solve. Had Grandfather died? Had he been robbed? Had he lost his way in the mountains while returning home? We waited impatiently, hoping every day to get a letter from him, or to see him walk into our home with his

hard-earned savings securely stowed away in his grip. But we never heard from him again.

As I said before, we were now living in that very house which was inseparably connected with the mystery of my grandfather's disappearance. How did we get there?—you will probably ask. Well, father was determined to go west and look Grandfather up. Our family went with him. There was a fortune at stake and we were very poor and needed the money. If we succeeded in finding Grandfather we should all be rich. If we failed, our scanty savings would have been spent on the journey. We found the hut, but were told that Grandfather had dis-

appeared. I set out to tell it at first, but found it necessary to add a brief introduction which should account for our being in such a desolate place without friends or money. The nearest settlement was two miles distant where we went to do our trading. Father and Mother drove to town in the afternoon with some farm produce to exchange, if possible, for groceries and other necessities. Mother wanted to go along to get Sister some cloth for a new dress. It was to be a Christmas present; and I was to get a present also, if Father succeeded in trading his vegetables.

Sister and I were left alone in the mountains, huddled beside the great fire-



SHE FELL TO THE FLOOR BEFORE I REALIZED THAT ONE OF HER FORMER ATTACKS HAD SEIZED HER.

appeared in the mountains and that it was generally believed he had been robbed.

Since Grandfather's day that section of California has yielded very little gold. It has since been abandoned as a mining district, and I doubt if it ever was as rich in ore as reports once stated. Grandfather's gold mine has never been discovered although Father spent many months attempting to locate it.

We have now reached the point in my story which relates to the Christmas eve

place in the kitchen to keep warm. The wind blew a gale, making the old hut shake all over. It blew in at the windows, beneath the door, down the chimney, and under the eaves. What if the house should blow away in the gale! But I was not afraid then.

It was a dangerous thing, however to leave two children alone in such a place. The more so because Sister was a delicate child, subject to sudden ill turns of a peculiar kind. When attacked she would faint suddenly, and recover only after the

closest attention. But Sister had not been taken ill since we moved into the mountains and mother hence felt less anxiety for her delicate daughter as the months passed by. But again I wondered what I should do if Sister were taken sick. I was full of the gloomiest forebodings, but too young to dwell upon them until they looked like realities.

"This is frightfully lonesome, Tom, way up here in the mountains without Father or Mother," said Sister as a gust of wind caught one of the shutters and shook it to pieces, after hurling it against the side of the house with a crash.

"Don't be frightened, Sister," said I, "for the folks will soon be back bringing a present for us both. Do you suppose they will show us the gifts before?"

There was another crash! A small shed had blown down! Sister sprang to my side trembling all over.

"Oh! Tom," she said, her hand pressed against her forehead, "I feel so queer,—just as I used to before I was taken sick. Oh how I wish Mother would come. What should we do if the wind blew the house down? Hear it now—Oh my head is so dizzy, so, so!"

She fell to the floor before I realized that one of her former attacks had seized her. What should I do? I grew pale with fright. I felt that the child would die if help did not come from somewhere. Should I go to the door and cry for help? That would do no good. Nobody would hear me. Then I decided to go up stairs and place a light in the window, hoping that the folks on their way home might spy the signal from a distance and increase their speed. I longed to see them approaching as I stood looking out of the window far down the mountain side. But alas! Nobody was in sight.

Not knowing what to do next I rushed down stairs, leaving the lamp in the window. Sister lay motionless upon the floor. I brought a cup of water to her lips but her eyes were closed and she would not drink it. Then the wind blew again, as violently as before. I heard a crash up stairs, and feared the lamp had fallen over. Again I ascended the rickety stairs, but my tiny feet scarcely held me up, I trembled so with fear and cold. The smoke came rolling into my face the next moment. A heap of rags was on fire—then the carpet, the bed, the walls, the roof. The house was on fire!

Through the smoke I made my

way down stairs. I knew sister would suffocate if I did not get her out. It took all my strength to pull her to the door. The fierce flames spread through the house like mad. The smoke rolled in volumes down the stairs and into the little kitchen. The door was bolted and it took me some time to get it open. I felt that sister must be dead by this time, but I dragged her out into the barn. All the while the timbers of the old house were cracking and twisting and the flames shooting up into the air.

What the lamp failed to do as a signal of distress the blazing house did instead. The whole village came to the spot in a body. And while the rest of the men were trying to save the old hut, the doctor, who had come also, saved the life of Sister. But despite the efforts of fifty men, running with buckets of water from springs and well, the house burned to the ground.

Our family slept that night in the barn. The next morning Father went to the ruins to see if he could recover anything, for we were now destitute of almost everything. Under the floor he spied a metal box. Hastily he removed it from the rubbish—broke open the cover—and what do you think he found in it? It was full of Grandfather's gold!

That day was Christmas. We spent it at the hotel in the village. Sister and I both received costly presents from our parents and feasted on turkey, nuts and candy. Next week we moved east, bringing with us our recovered fortune and settled comfortably in the old village we had left many months before. Then we were poor. Now fortune had smiled upon us—Grandfather's fortune—and we were happy once more in our old home.

OUR MAGICIAN.

Conducted for the REALM by
IMOGEN IGNOTUS.

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HAT do you think of a cent that can answer questions? Well, let us tell you all we know about it. To one end of a thread is stuck a piece of wax and this end placed on a table before the performer. The other end extends into an adjoining room where a confederate is stationed. A borrowed cent is stuck to the wax and thrown into a goblet. The performer tells

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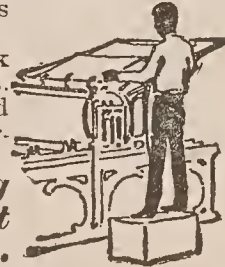
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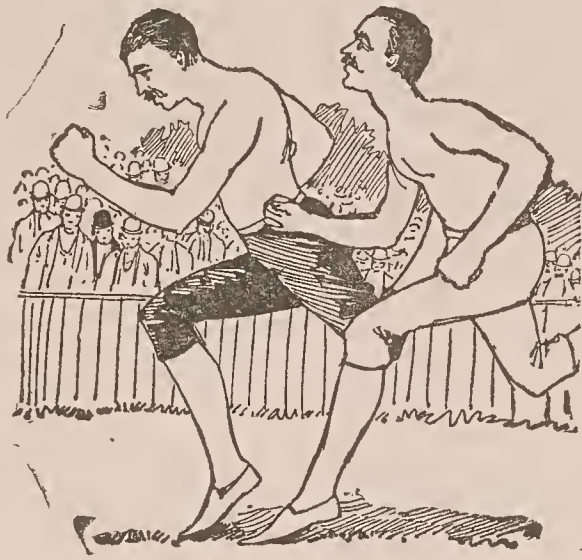


the audience to ask the cent questions to which the coin will reply as follows: for yes, one leap; for no, two. The confederate hearing the questions asked, is then able to pull the thread, causing the coin to bob up and down in an animated manner. Nobody will deny that this coin has life.

RAPPING YOUR KNUCKLES.

You first explain to your audience that you have discovered a secret ointment which, when applied to any part of your body, makes it insensible to pain. To prove this stand before the marble slab of a mantle and pretend to bring your clinched fist violently against its surface. This is done by holding the fist a foot or two above the mantle, striking the marble and bringing the hand, still clinched, about a foot below the slab. The movement is done rapidly and just before the hand strikes the slab it is quickly opened, the fingers only slapping the stone, and the hand as rapidly shut again. The position of the hand before and after the movement, together with the sound, lead one to believe you have rapped your knuckles violently on the hard stone. Of course the hand must be opened and shut rapidly or the secret is at once let out.

OUT- DOOR AMUSE- MENTS.



The last disastrous trip of the Browns in the East was due to weak batting almost entirely. The temporary manager of the Browns one day presented Chris with a bill for ten dollars and received the following reply:

"Vel, Vel? Vat ish it for, hey?"

"Bats" said Nicol, the manager.

"Bats, hey! Bats! Mein Goodness, vat do dey vant mit bats? Hey? Dey can't der balloon hit, und vy don't dey go to der plate un shust stand there mit no bats und hav der umpire yell 'ball,' 'strike,' 'out!' Hey? It's all the same. Bats, hey? Ten dollars for bats! Nonsense, poy! Dey don't need 'em. If dey had a million bats dey'd lose der pennant and Chris a tail-ender. Guess again!"

Mr. D. W. Fenton, Jr., a Harvard '92 man, and member of his University team, is an advocate of the cross-country run in preference to exclusive exercise with chest-weights and dumb bells. He recommends a five-mile spin twice a week as the best possible kind of exercise, remarking thus:

"Anyone who has enjoyed these runs on brisk fall afternoons, and experienced their invigorating effects will never miss an opportunity to take part in this popular out-door sport. The ideal course usually lies about a hilly country, through patches of woods and over fences, with numerous water-jumps occurring along the way. These different obstacles lend variety, and the distance is not realized as when one encircles a running track for an hour or so."

While almost every sport has its season, there is scarcely a month in the year when the bicycle cannot be used to some extent. This is one reason why bicycling has come to be regarded as the national out-door sport. The question suggests itself whether the popularity of the wheel has not reached its highest point. Some think it has, and that in a few more years the bicycle will have taken its place beside the antiquated croquet

set-and the later, but non the less doomed, game of lawn tennis. Well, this depends upon one thing—whether something else is coming to take the place of the bicycle. For the present we see nothing new in the horizon which is likely to win away the rider from his steed; and hence feel safe in predicting many another month for the enjoyment of the American wheelman.

Written for THE YOUTH'S REALM.

THE KING'S BREAD WINNERS.

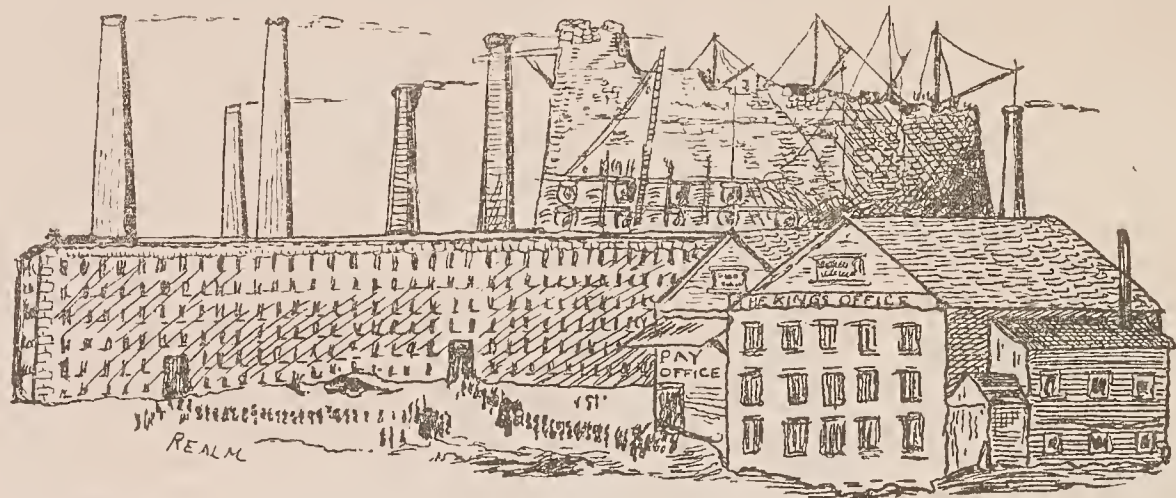


It was to be the greatest food monument in the world—a tower one mile high built of solid loaves of pure, white bread! A foolish thing, you will say, for a king to propose. But king Bobolink evidently knew what he was about when he issued the royal decree calling forth twenty-thousand artisans to assist him in his undertaking.

Every man in the kingdom who was out of work was pressed into service. The object was pure-

emblem of friendship and prosperity.

There are few who realize how such a plan as this effects all sorts of trade. In the first place a great factory had to be erected, inside of which the loaves of bread were to be mixed, kneaded and baked. And outside were the king's offices, the residences of the overseers, the headquarters of the purchasing, baking and building committees, and the pay office with its ninety clerks. Then there were the royal stables with five-hundred teams for hauling flower, yeast, wood, and coal. The fields were taxed to their utmost to supply wheat enough for the undertaking. The flour mills were running day and night to keep the wagons filled with sacks of flour. Inside the new brick factory were erected eight-hundred large ovens in which four-hundred thousand loaves of bread could be baked at one time. Down stairs were the troughs a mile long, in which the dough was to be mixed by a thousand boys. Such an army of kneaders was never heard of before or since. How they might punch and toss the soft dough until it became of the right consistency to be put in pans and sent to the ovens! Surely those boys would make muscle, as well as their bread, by this daily exercise. Great elevators were to be used for lifting the bread up stairs, and a train of cars, drawn by mules, to carry the loaves, when baked,



ly a charitable one, as we shall see later. The activity which this enormous project aroused was something remarkable. Throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom there was a great industrial revival equalled only in the days of yore when king Bob's grandfather had a castle built of toothpicks.

But the toothpick dwelling was nothing in comparison with the great loaf monument which was to rise high enough to be seen by everybody in the land. It was even hoped that spectators from distant realms would spy the rising elevation and be attracted to the kingdom by this conspicuous

from the ovens to the site of the great tower.

On the first Monday of the year of king Bob's reign work began on the bread tower. Throngs of boys, girls, women and men filed into the bakery, ready to commence work on the wheat loaves. An army of diggers, carpenters and masons repaired to the spot where the tower should rise. Blocks of granite were sunk into the ground for a foundation. A board flooring covered the vast area upon which the masons

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were to pile the loaves like so many bricks.

A queer sight it was to see the pile rise higher and higher each day. A winding staircase carried one to the top where a fine view was afforded of the surrounding country. As one looked down over the towns and villages, and saw the people, no bigger than flies, bustling around without a moment's time to lose, it was plain that the new industry had awakened the whole land after its long season of repose. Of course everybody was not getting rich in a day. It would take weeks for the new movement to reach and better every individual in the land. The country was full of beggars—unfortunate ones who had been reduced to the last extremity through years of hardship and depression. The more fortunate ones must help the weaker before attempting to lay by the products of their toil. The king knew all this very well, but promised everybody

success—everybody who would have patience to wait, and who was not too proud or indifferent to heed his commands.

The king was a busy worker himself. He liked to set the example before his subjects. Every night it was his custom to inspect each loaf of bread in the pan before it went into the oven on the following morning. He preferred

to do this in the night time when others were out of the way; but it robbed him of his sleep, and was no easy task as you can well imagine.

At last the tower was completed, and on Christmas morning the whole kingdom was invited to the spot. It was to be a great day for celebrating. After the dedication ceremonies he proposed to give away the loaves of bread to every needy person present.

There was a great demand for the bread among the hungry, half-starved people who swarmed around the tower. Faster than it went up the loaf monument came down again to supply their needs. But there were some who would not accept the bread. Although they were poor they thought it a



great condescension to receive such a trifling gift. Had it been a piece of gold, they said, it would have been a more becoming present for a king to make to his subjects.

But when the people reached their homes and began to cut the bread for the table, what do you think they found? Why, a gold coin in each loaf! The king had

placed it there with his own hands. But when the rest, hearing of their friends' success, returned for a loaf of bread, they were disappointed in finding nothing inside. Those who were thankful for a little got much. The rest went without anything but a dried-up loaf of bread—the first that was baked for the underpinning of the great loaf monument of king Bobolink.

SCIENCE & INVENTION.

Conducted for the REALM by
SCIENTIFICUS.



MUCH interest is aroused at Bethlehem, Pa., by the construction of the largest gun in the world at the Bethlehem Iron works of the above city.

The gun will carry a shot sixteen miles, and with force enough to shatter a vessel with a single blow. The monster, which weighs no less than 126 tons, will be used for the protection of New York harbor.

The X-rays were recently used by the French custom house officials to detect a large quantity of tobacco which was being smuggled across the border.

The founder of the Red Cross Society, Henri Dunant, who has lately been living in great poverty in Switzerland, received not long ago the \$1,000 prize which the medical congress of Moscow were to award some person who had done eminent service to medical science during the present generation.

It has been cabled that a curative serum for yellow fever has been discovered by Dr. Samarella of Montevideo.

It has been proved that tan and sunburn result from the light of the sun rather than from its heat.

A Hawaiian physician claims that a blind man has had his sight restored by means of the X-rays.

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The Music of Egypt.

RUDE IMPLEMENTS THAT CHARM UNTUTORED EARS.

Keen Pleasure In Beating the Tamtam—An Odd Guitar—Harps, Pipes, Reeds and Whistles—The Drum at a Moorish Snake Charming Show.

I suppose the first idea of music is noise, made in time. Beating a fence with a club makes good music for a boy if he can't get better, and a savage in the heart of Africa gets keenest enjoyment out of the tamtam—which is pronounced with the emphasis on the last syllable. I learned this from an old merchant with whom I often talked in Cairo. It is etiquette in the east, when one wishes to buy weapons or musical implements, to go many times and never appear anxious to purchase. The merchant knew two words in English—"very good." It was thus he described the beauties of my tamtam: "Tamtam! Very good! Musica! Darfur!" From which I suppose that it is the style of musical implement they play in Darfur, a part of the Sudan the Egyptians are now reconquering from the Mahdists. The tamtam, which now hangs with many other relics in my sight, is a heavy brass bell with spurs sticking out around its rim. A round piece of sheepskin of the proper size was cut out and soaked in water until it was very soft, when it was stretched over the end of the bell and fastened upon the prongs. When it dried tight and hard, it was ready to beat with a strap, making a surprisingly loud noise. I have noticed one curious thing about it—when the air is damp the skin stretches a trifle, so that the tamtam is useless; when the air is dry again it resumes its tone.

Another "musica" that I procured in Cairo for 50 cents in cash and \$10 worth of patience is a five stringed guitar of admirable tone. A famous German musician who was in Egypt at the time took a similar one home with him to play, declaring it an excellent instrument for actual use. It is made by preparing a stout frame of wood over which



THE OLD MERCHANT IN THE BAZAAR. a leather cover is fastened, when wet

and soft, with big "milliner's stitches" taken with rawhide thong. The leather dries and shrinks hard and tight. A crooked stick is put into a hole in the frame at one end, five keyholes are burned through it with a heated wire, and pegs are put in by which the instrument can be tuned. In the face of the instrument are two round holes to "let the sound out," like the odd shaped holes in a violin body.

A Niam-Niam guitar which I bought at the same time is a beautiful instrument, all inlaid down to the handle. There are ten pieces of ivory carefully fitted into the wood, besides ten round disks of mother of pearl, but the shape is like nothing so much as a saucepan, and there is no music in it at all except a soft thump, thump. The strings are of horsehair, and there seems to be no bridge for them.

These instruments come from away up the Nile and are the work of men who may never have seen a white man, but it is strange how little the natives even in Egypt are affected by the presence of the whites. The only nineteenth century instrument I saw in a native's hands—and the worst one—I picked up at a little native fair. It is a kind of autoharp made by stretching copper wire over a thin board. The strings are tightened by crowding a stick under them at each end, and they can be tuned to a perfect octave, with half tones, by driving wedges under each string separately. The gentle native who was making these toys by wholesale for Egyptian children showed me how to play it, tapping on the



PLAYING THE COPPER WIRE HARP. wires with two bits of stick, allowed me to photograph him and charged 5 cents for the whole.

I have seen the musical instruments brought from the heart of Africa by the late explorer E. J. Glave. Their similarity to those from the Sudan on sale in Cairo seems to show that the same forms are general through central and northern Africa. The Moorish instruments, however, have a much higher finish. A guenberi, or Moorish two stringed guitar, procured in Tangier, not only has an excellent tone, but is a handsome instrument. It is made in two pieces, and the handle part is neatly turned on a lathe instead of being rudely shaped by hand. The pegs are of a good shape, and the instrument has a proper bridge, but the inevitable tassels of leather thongs and horsehair show a reversion to the savage taste in decora-

tion. Throughout Africa really excellent pipes or whistles are made from reeds, with seven vents above and one below, besides the one near the mouth-piece, all burned with heated wires. A whistle or two, a guenberi and a drum make a pretty complete Moorish orchestra. The whistle plays real tunes, if the vents have been placed exactly right, with a trifle longer space between the second and third, third and fourth, third and fourth and fifth and sixth, and with the hole underneath exactly opposite No. 1. The guenberi makes good tinkle tinkle music, rather mournful and plaintive in its character, except when the Moors get excited singing their thousand year old war song of "Marching Through Spain."



SNAKE CHARMER'S DRUM.

The drum is seen in its best estate at a Moorish snake charming performance. I saw and coveted and procured such a drum in the soko, or market place, of a Moorish town last winter. The man who played it sat flat on the ground in the barnyard litter of the camel caravans. The drum is very broad and shallow, like a dishpan, and there is a hole in the rim through which the left thumb is thrust. Balancing the drum thus, the player whirls it round and round, beating it with the flat right hand. Two strings stretched across the dirty sheepskin give it somewhat the sound of a snare drum, but big as it is it doesn't make anything like so much noise as the little tamtam will when the air is dry. JOHN L. HEATON.

VASA AND THE BEAR.

A Child's Adventure In Days of the Early Settlers.

Northwestern Pennsylvania was a dense forest at the time of which I write. There were no railroads, towns, churches, schools or pretty houses as there are now, yet there were houses even in those wild woods—a house and a stable built of trees which the settler's ax had felled, a little lot fenced by rails from more trees, where among sprouting stumps the first garden was raised, and thus a home began. Year by year the clearing was enlarged, and corn, wheat and oats were added to the garden truck. Roads were made through the woods to other clearings, and the homes grew into neighborhoods.

In one of those early homes lived a little boy with an odd little name that had been borrowed from a royal hero of Swedish history. Vasa's first recollections were of the log house home and the dark woods which surrounded the home clearing. He played alone about the stumps and piles of brush and by the high rail fence that skirted the woods, but he never ventured farther. He knew that wild beasts were among those trees—beasts that killed and ate the pigs and chickens and sheep and calves sometimes. Why not a boy? Once he had seen a bear and thought he should have been scared to death if his father had not been along. As it was he could not forget his fright at the great

ugly brute that glared and growled at them before it walked away.

As the clearings grew and neighbors became more plenty the wild animals went farther back into the woods and were but little feared.

One day when Vasa was just 4 years old his mother wished very much to cut a garment, and the shears were at her mother's, nearly a mile away.

"Let me go get them," said the boy. Thinking no harm could befall him in the now fenced road, the mother gave consent.

The little fellow set off proudly on his first errand as happy as the birds that sang in the trees and fearless as the chipmunk on the fence, with which he ran a merry race.

He was half way to grandma's when a crackling noise on the opposite side of the road startled him. He turned, and his eyes distended with fear as they rested upon the form of a real bear, sitting under a hickory tree, cracking and eating nuts.

How terrible it did look to the frightened child as he stood gazing at it and wondering how he should ever pass that formidable obstacle!

A hero, like his illustrious namesake, he never thought of shirking duty and going back.

He did not dare go straight ahead, for surely then that awful bear would see and catch him, but without a bit of noise he climbed the fence where the saucy squirrel was awaiting another race and stole among the trees. The race was with the bear, all unconscious of the fact until the boy was climbing the fence into the road once more. Then bruin saw him. The nuts dropped from the big paws, and the awkward brute began to gather himself up and prepare for action.

Our little hero slipped off the fence and flew for grandma's as fast as two little fat legs could carry him. He never screamed or cried. All his breath was needed for the race—and he won.

How far the bear ran or in what direction no one ever knew. He was gone when Uncle David came back with Vasa and the shears, though traces of his visit were plainly visible.

Threescore years and ten have passed since those early days, of humble homes, wild woods and savage beasts, but Vasa still tells—to his grandchildren—his adventure with that awful, awful bear.—Ida Kays in *National Stockman and Farmer*.

The Sad Fate of the Runaway Streamlet.

Once upon a time, dears, a tiny baby stream left its little brothers to chase a bright sunbeam.

Leaping down the hillside, laughing loud with glee,
Said, "I'll run away now and try to find the sea!"

Soon it met some streamlets singing on their way,
Stopped to chatter to them, begged them hard to stay.
But they said: "We cannot; we've our work to do.
Wait; some other day, dear, we will play with you."

"No," replied the streamlet, tossing high its foam.
"Go, if you're so busy; all alone I'll roam."
Wand'ring to a woodland where sweet flow'rets grew,
Daffodils and daisies, harebells white and blue,

Snapped their stalks so slender, swayed them to and fro,
Scattering their petals, laughed to see their woe.

Bubble, bubble, babble, glimmer, glint and gleam.

"I don't care a tiny bit," cried the naughty stream.

Soon a tiny maiden brought her pail to fill
From the very hollow where the stream played still.

"Go away," he gurgled. But she did not care,
Stooped and filled her bucket, left him scolding there.

Angry at his cruelty to the flow'rets sweet,
Every little pebble tried to prick his feet,
And the big rocks, rising, would not let him roam,

Vainly did he splutter, wishing to go home.

"What a noise!" the sun cried. "Why is all this fuss?"

"See," the dying flow'rs sighed, "what he's done to us!"

Then the big sun, shining all the livelong day,
Dried the naughty stream up, drank him quite away.

Useful Seaweeds.

Some seaweeds are very useful. Many of them supply nutritious food. One kind is what the Irish call dillesk and the Scotch dulse, and another is called Irish moss. The fronds of this latter consist of a substance something like starch, and when put in water this comes out of it and forms a jelly when cold. Tangle is also another kind of seaweed found in the north of Europe, and "Dulse and tangle!" was years ago a common cry in the streets of Edinburgh. The edible nests of China are also formed from seaweed.

But as well as supplying food seaweeds also yield other things, and one is soda. Before salt became so cheap soda used to be obtained from the ashes of half dried seaweed called kelp, and this manufacture was largely carried on round the coast of Scotland. Now soda is made so much from salt that the value of kelp has declined.

Another useful thing made from kelp is a medicine called iodine. In 1811 a man named Courtois found this in the waste liquors in the manufacture of carbonate of soda from the ashes of seaweeds. Much seaweed for this purpose is from the island of Guernsey, and it brings great wealth to Guernsey and to all the Channel islands.

The Dying Soldiers.

Consideration for others is the very highest of human qualities. Here is the record of a grand instance of unselfishness:

During the height of the Crimean war two men were carried into the military hospital, one evidently at the point of death, the other in hardly better case. The stronger of the two, on being asked by one of the nurses what she could do for him, replied quietly: "Oh, I'll do well enough! Just look after my poor comrade there. Neither bite nor sup has he had for these three days." The nurse accordingly hurried to the side of the dying man, holding out to him a cup of wine and water. With trembling hands the poor fellow clasped it and was about to relieve his intolerable thirst by draining the refreshing draft when he suddenly stopped. "There was a friend of mine came in with me. He's fearful bad, and this would do him a lot of good. Find him, will you, and give it him." He knew not—for the dimness of death was in his eyes—that his comrade lay in the next bed.

They are still lying side by side, these two friends, in the burial ground of Scutari.

Flies In Amber.

Many trees, and notably several kinds of pine, give off a soft, gummy substance which hardens after a time. It is so sticky that any insect that lighted on it would be kept prisoner for life. Now, what these trees do today the pines of countless ages ago did also, and when these trees perished and became fossils this resin was likewise turned into "stone," the beautiful, light straw colored material we know as amber. Of course sometimes these gummy masses contained insect captives, and so it happens that pieces of amber are now and then found with insects and other small things locked up inside of them.

After Latin and Greek, What?

Latin and Greek are not to be allowed to "tyrannize" longer in education. Gradually they will be neglected in some schools, never in all. What will do that which they have done hitherto? There is a training in the study of Latin and Greek that one gets nowhere else at present. It is not necessary to say that it is more important training, but it is as important as any. The brevity of expression, the different arrangement, the steady test of judgment in the selection of English equivalents, the whole exercise of reading the thoughts of a master in a heroic language, of thinking the sentiments, arguments and descriptions of the world's leaders in classic phrase, of translating so far as possible into smooth English the thoughts of intellectual giants, are a training in logic and an introduction to philosophy which up to the present time has not been accomplished by any other branch of instruction.

Now that Latin and Greek are sure to be neglected in many schools, it is time to ask what can take their place as a necessary discipline in the directions in which they have such possibilities. It is easier to ask the question than to answer it. It is asked. No attempt is now made to answer it. That is left for another occasion.—*Journal of Education*.

Two senators were telling tall stories about their dogs. Outlying each other, the dog tales grew longer and longer. At last a southern member of the house broke in:

"You think those things are marvelous, do you? I can tell you something about a pointer that beats them all to pieces. Several of us fellows were out gunning. Suddenly, in the midst of a lonely country road, my pointer stood stock still. There was no evidence of game. There was no one on the road but an old country farmer standing stock still, too, gazing at us. A moment later we found that the farmer's name was Partridge."



INFORMATION



PARAGON PUZZLE



Divide this Diagram into four equal parts, all of the same shape.

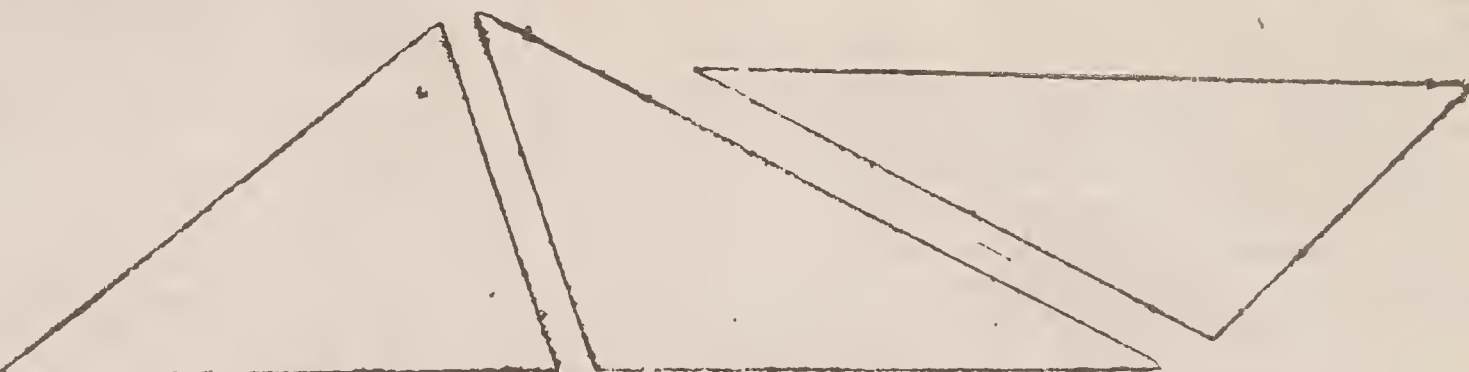
THE PUZZLER'S PUZZLE.



Trace all lines from starting point without taking tracer off or going over line twice.

A DELUSION.

The lower lines of the first two triangles are of the same length, though one would scarcely believe it without measuring both. Compare all three triangles in this way and you will surely be surprised at your frequent miscalculations.



The Largest Conundrum.

Provide everybody with a cent and then proceed to read off the following questions, all of which may be answered by referring to the design on the front or back of the coin. This game, as one might almost call it, will afford plenty of amusement the first time it is "sprung" on a company of visitors. All the questions are answered at the end of this article.

PART I.

QUESTIONS ON FACE OF COIN.

1. What fruit do you see?
2. " flowers do you see?
3. " part of a stock of corn?
4. " " needle?
5. " " river?
6. " animal do you see?
7. " hotel in the White Mts?
8. " expresses the bond of matrimony?
9. What belongs to America?
10. " part of a family?
11. " is most delightful to contrabands?
12. What part of a mountain?
13. " class of politicians?
14. " place of worship?
15. " gives promise of a scholar?
16. " is the dread of slaves?
17. " is it a good soldier should always present to the enemy?
18. What do Indians like to wear?
19. " " burglars pick?
20. Youth and old age?
21. What company of musicians?
22. " is a bird's wardrobe?
23. " part of a nail?
24. " great country do you see?

25. " part of a stove?
26. " spans a river.

ANSWERS TO PART I.

1. Date. 2. Tulips. 3. Ear. 4. Eye.
5. The mouth. 6. Hare. 7. Profile.
8. United. 9. States. 10. Head.
11. Liberty. 12. Brow. 13. Copper-heads.
14. Temple. 15. Pupil. 16. Lash.
17. Face. 18. Beads. 19. Locks.
20. 18—97. 21. Band. 22. Feathers.
23. Head. 24. United States.
25. Lids. 26. Bridge.

PART II.

QUESTIONS ON BACK OF COIN.

1. What is it a Spartan mother bids her son bring, or come home upon?
2. is acceptable to any young lady?
3. kind of root?
4. reminds you of China?
5. place is considered unsafe?
6. delights one when absent from home?
7. Who was John the Baptist?
8. is an emblem of Eternity?
9. do lawyers aim to make in their pleas?
10. buildings are there?
11. implement for writing?
12. perfume?

ANSWERS TO PART II.

1. Shield. 2. Beau. 3. Arrow.
4. Tea. 5. C (sea). 6. Letters.
7. One s(c)ent. 8. Circle. 9. Point.
10. Ten mills. 11. Quill.
12. Scent (cent).

BRIGHT JIMMIE.

How He Answered an Advertisement and Started on the Road to Success.

Jimmie Brown, aged 10, sat busily poring over the advertising sheets of the New York dailies. He was wildly anxious for a good position as office boy, for not only did he sadly need wages, but he had an ambitious little brain in his head, and he wanted, above all things, to master the technicalities of some good business. Finally his eye lighted upon an advertisement that seemed to appeal to him more than any of the others, and he determined to make a desperate effort to secure the position; only the "Address lock box 441" was so very discouraging in the beginning, for Jimmie had already cudgled his poor little brain and cramped his stiff little fingers over many an answer to advertisements—to say nothing of the precious stamps he had risked—and all to no purpose. No! Plainly in his case, some other method must be thought out.

The next morning Mr. Adams, a wealthy contractor, took a very, very fat mail from lock box 441, most of which, however, he was destined never to read, for close at his heels followed a sturdy little boy, who managed somehow to slip into the office with him.

"Please, sir," said Jimmie, for it was none other, "will you give me a chance to try to suit you as office boy?"

"Why, how do you know that I want an office boy?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I read your advertisement in the paper, and ever since I have been watching box 441 to find out who you were and where you did business, so that I might get in my work before you had a chance to read about the other fellows. Will you give me a try, sir?"

"Well," replied Mr. Adams, looking rather amused, "if you are smart enough to do that, I guess you are about the boy we want. Yes, you may stay and go right to work. First, sort out these letters and dump all the answers to that advertisement into the waste basket."

This all happened many years ago, and today Mr. James Brown is one of the leading partners in that very firm which he first served intelligently and conscientiously as office boy.—Chicago Inter Ocean



THE HARE AND HIS RIDER.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS

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This is truth, every word of it, although Billy-John, my cousin, does call me a story teller. Billy-John, you know, is jealous and more than a bit envious. He cannot forgive me for knowing the hare. Since the good creature helped me find the money which ended my father's trouble Billy-John has been twice as hateful as before. He thinks he ought to have had the money and our land too. But never mind about that. I have something ever so much better to tell you.

It all happened last week. Spring weather somehow sets the whole world in a good humor. It was almost sun-down. I had driven the cows up from pasture, then gone to the lower field to salt the sheep. Pretty creatures, they were so glad to see me! Once they took me clean off my feet for at least five yards, crowding around me in their eagerness to get at the salt. That is how all the rest started, for as I set my feet again on the ground I laughed out loud and said: "Well, that's about the funniest ride I ever had. Think of having a sheep for a horse, with ever so many lambs thrown in!"

"Would you like another and a funnier one?" a little, fine voice, high and sweet, like the birds singing, said right beside me. I jumped so I spilled all the salt, and then the sheep made a rush that bowled me clean over. When I had picked myself up, I looked about and saw my friendly hare, but, if you will believe me, at first I could not be sure I knew him.

You would not have been sure either, for there he was, sitting cockily up on something for all the world like a bicycle, only it was made, or seemed to be, all of silver and spun glass. It was sort of double, too—the kind you call tandem, I think. But that was not what set me staring hardest. The hare was up in front, crouched over the handle bar, with his feet on the pedals, and up between his shoulders, facing backward and now and then turning to tweak one or the other of his long ears, sat the prettiest, daintiest creature that ever wore lace and silk and jewels and rings.

I knew in a minute she was a fairy. Somehow after you looked in her face you did not care any more for all the fine things she had on. You did not think about your own clothes either. Mine were all mussed with my tumbling and had a patch or two besides, but I never remembered a word about it until late the next day. But that isn't telling the story right. The hare said to me as

I pulled off my cap to them both:

"Could you be afraid of me, little John?"

"Never," said I.

"Then hop up here behind. We have a long way to go and have lost time. The ball opens at 10 o'clock, and my Princess Rose Dew must not be late."

"I'm your man," I said. And then I was in the second saddle before I had time even to ask, "Where away?"

"Pedal hard. There, you've struck my gait now," the hare said over his shoulder. I wanted to tell him he was growing sporty in his talk, but there was the Princess Rose Dew, looking down at me and making my heart thump so my left foot wanted to go a full beat faster than my right. The hare, you will understand, had made himself as high as I am and ever so much taller. She sat easily upon his shoulders, with her feet crossed Turk fashion. I could see her golden slippers, such with a big diamond where a woman wears a bow. All the rest of her was laced and ruffled in a lace that must have been woven from cobwebs. The ruffling ended below her throat and left bare her sweetest face, just like a rose, you know. When it hangs in the morning with dew raining all over it.

"I like brave boys. You are brave," she said after a little while. I heard her plainly, although we were going so fast the trees and hills and houses either side of us seemed to run all together in a solid wall. The hare was doing most of it too. I helped all I could, but it came so easy it was just like lifting my feet and letting them fall again. That made me wonder why two of them were taking me along—why, at the rate we were going, it did not take away my breath.

Flying! That is just the word for it. If those wheels touched the ground, we had no sign of it. When we came to water, a lake or river, we did not bother finding bridges. The hare crouched a

little more, kicked a little harder, and, zip, we were across it. By and by I leaned forward and asked him, "How far is it to the ball?"

"Oh, it's just half around the world," he said in his funny hare voice. "It may turn out that we need not have brought you along, but this is a great occasion, so we could not take chances."

"I am glad you could not, if that is how I am having all this fun," I said, and the hare chuckled back to me, "Never hurrah till you're out of the woods."

Presently I felt that we were making a circuit, and looking with all my eyes found we were skirting a big city. At least I judged it was a city. All I could make out was the smoke, the chimneys, a steeple or two and heaps of grinding

noises. Nobody there saw us. We went too fast for that. But when we were many, many miles beyond it the hare drew a long breath and said: "My princess, I think the dangerous ground is past. Pardon me if I go moderately for a little while."

"Rest yourself, dear, good hare. You must," Princess Rose Dew said. "Why, you are panting and your poor ears all damp. I shall not have joy in the dance tonight if I think of you sore distressed. Besides, we are in the Beautiful Country, with twilight falling and the nightingale singing to my sister rose."

So we went easily along the smooth, white road, snuffing the sweet air and listening to the birds. The moon was just coming up across a long grass field at one side. There was a stone fence about it, with a big gate leading through it to the highroad, and just as we came abreast of it it swung wide open, and a man came through it, with a pack of beagles at his heels.

Maybe you don't know it, but the thing a hare fears most is a beagle, by the same token the thing a beagle hates most is a hare. My hare got limp and shivery at the sight of them, but made the bravest sort of effort to run the wheels right through the pack and so fast they could not snap at him. Or



"PEDAL HARD. THERE, YOU'VE STRUCK MY GAIT NOW."

course I helped all I could—that is, at the very first. But my feet were too slow and heavy. I just could not keep the wheel spinning as it had done. The hare was quaking and quaking, trying to tell me something, but what I could not make out. All at once it came to me. He had brought me along for fear of dogs and was depending on my keeping them away from him and the princess.

"You go on. Go like lightning. I'll take care of these brutes," I shouted to him. At least I tried to shout, but it sounded like a whisper. How I did it I don't know, but next minute I was off the wheel, standing in the middle of the beagle pack and crying to them the kennel call old Billy Barenose taught me. Old Billy had kept harriers himself in better days and was a bit grateful for the milk and meal and firewood my father let me take him. It's a funny sound. You put up your hands like a trumpet—so—and make a softish, mellow mooing that grows keen and sharp

and put into circulation on the 22d of June.



The demand for these stamps will be as great as it was for the Columbian issue, and as the number to be circulated is so much smaller, we may expect a rarity of most values from the start. We would advise Canadian collectors, when writing to parties interested in stamp collecting in the United States, or elsewhere, to use six one-half cent stamps in place of a three-cent stamp, as less of the former are to be used for letter postage. For this reason the one-half cent stamp will be scarcer than either the 1, 2, or 3-cent variety. All above three cents, cancelled, will doubtless become quite rare. Of course the Jubilee series will be used only for a limited time, but in the smaller offices the supply is likely to last longer than in Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and other large cities. Following this issue there is to be still another, to be used permanently in place of the old issue which has lasted over a quarter of a century.

These new stamps for Canada are likely to increase the interest in collecting throughout the United States, quite as much as in the Provinces. During the summer months the effect of the new issues will not be felt so much as in the fall, when the stamp season will open up a month or six weeks earlier than it did last year. The interest will first be felt in the north, but it will not take long for it to spread to Florida. When the Columbian stamps came into use, thousands of people, young and old, who had never before taken any interest in stamp collecting, became fascinated with the new pursuit, and at once joined the ranks of Philately. The same thing will take place next fall as the result of the Jubilee issue and the permanent set of Canadian stamps to follow it.

Our cut represents the 3-cent Jubilee stamp which has just appeared. The same design is used for all the values.

The supply of remainders, which the Brazilian Government has advertised for sale, covers the dates from 1866 to 1894.



Our illustrations represent the leading designs of these stamps which number fifty-three varieties. Regular postage stamps, envelopes, letter cards, postal cards, reply postal cards, and wrappers are all to be sold, either in an unused condition, or cancelled to order.

THOSE NEWSPAPER STAMPS.

The Coleman stamp case, which we have mentioned before, resulted in a victory for the Government. Every party who had the handling of those newspaper stamps, or proofs, which found their way from Washington to New York, has been held guilty of violating a U. S. Law. The periodical stamps were first taken from the Department by an employe, and given to a local dealer to dispose of. The Walter S. Scott Co., of New York, advertising newspaper stamps at auction, were the next to be attacked by the Government. These parties were obliged to surrender the above goods to the inspectors, although the stock was the property of private individuals who had placed it in the hands of Walter S. Scott & Co. for disposal. A circular letter bearing upon the matter has been sent to leading dealers and collectors by John W. Scott, and reads as follows:

"You are hereby authorized to receive subscriptions in aid of the defense of the United States government against Walter S. Scott Co. On the result of this test case depends your right to have any United States newspaper stamps in your possession. The success of the government means that the stamps sold by the post office department and bought by you will be confiscated without refunding the price paid, and the foreign market entirely spoiled. Two thousand dollars will be required to successfully defend the case. Every collector should subscribe according to his means.

Respectfully

John W. Scott, Chairman of Defense Committee."

The letter is followed by a subscription blank, and it is hoped that the necessary sum required by the defendants will be raised through the co-operation of prominent collectors. We see no reason why it should not be lawful to sell periodical stamps, and we trust that the law will soon be changed so that collectors may have an opportunity to buy these beautiful stamps at any post-office in the United States.

At a meeting of the New York Collectors' Club, after a discussion over the seizure of the newspaper stamps, it was resolved—

"That the Governors of the Collectors' Club most earnestly protest in behalf of its members against this unjust, oppressive and unlawful proceeding".

About 800,000 of the English hospital fund stamps will be printed before the plates are destroyed. The first of these stamps were placed on sale the 18th of May.

The postal Congress, now in session at Washington, have a special post-office of their own at the capitol.

The supply of Canadian Jubilee stamps will last over three months.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Why are not the used Fiscal stamps of Bosnia catalogued? A. We do not think they were ever used for postage.

Why are not the used stamps of the U. S. 1869 issue, without embossing, catalogued? A. They are reprints and were never used on letters.

We never heard of an 1894 U. S. 5c framed.



INFORMATION



HOW TO BECOME A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Any person, young or old, can learn Telegraphy. To young people, between the ages of fourteen and twenty years, it is an easy matter, much easier than shorthand. The older a person, the more difficulty he will have in distinguishing the different sounds of the instrument. But when this task is mastered the rest of the process is easy enough. Boys or girls can, in a short time, become good operators by carefully following the instruction contained herein.

The usual course of an operator's progress is as follows: After mastering the alphabet so as to be able to "send" and to "read by sound" fairly well, he or she may obtain a situation in some small office as assistant, where, after a few weeks' contact with the daily routine of work, one may become proficient enough to assume charge of a branch office in a city or a small railway station not requiring the services of an expert operator.

The next step in advance is to a larger office or more important railway station, where there is a greater amount of telegraphing to be done, and where more skilful operators are required. The operator who acquires skill by close attention and continual effort to improve, wherever he or she may be located in these more important situations, is soon known as a "first class operator," and can, in the present state of business, always find employment at important telegraphing centres. No matter where located the operators with whom you work on the wire are always able to judge of your ability. It is similar to corresponding with friends. You know their handwriting, and if they are expert penmen their writing is good; just so with an operator. They are known by their work, which sounds as well over a thousand miles of wire as it would in the same room. Thus it is that first class operators soon leave small offices to take positions where pay is better.

There is one thing you must observe when studying telegraphy: It requires daily, constant practice. You might study all the books ever written on the subject, and without actual practice upon an instrument be unable to send a message.

The Telegraph or Morse alphabet consists of what are called dots, dashes and spaces. Combinations of these make letters, or sounds which represent letters. By referring to the alphabet you will find that many characters are the reverse of each other: for instance A is the reverse of N; B of V; D of U; C of R; Q of X; Z of &; G of W; so if the formation of one of these characters is learned, its reverse is easily mastered. The first step is to memorize the alphabet, so that each character can be called to mind at will; thus, A, dot and dash; B, dash and three dots; C, two dots, space and one dot. Note carefully the space, or pause in certain letters; for example, S is three

dots, while O is made with two dots, space, and one dot, and the letter R, its reverse, with the dot, space, and two dots. Thus you see the importance of learning the alphabet carefully. Once wrong, it is harder to correct than to master at first.

To simplify the alphabet we will group the letters into several classes easily memorized.

DOT LETTERS. A dot (E) is made by a single instantaneous, downward stroke of the key. The letters made solely by dots are: E, one dot; I, two dots; S, three dots; H, four dots; P, five dots; and the figure 6, six dots.

DOT AND SPACE LETTERS. Letters made by a combination of dots and spaces, the latter signifying short pauses, are as follows: O, one dot, space, dot; Y, two dots, space and two dots; C, two dots, space, dot; R, dot, space, two dots; Z, three dots, space, dot; &, dot, space, three dots.

DASH LETTERS. The letters made solely from dashes are T, one short dash, made by pressing upon the key and holding it down about as long as it would take to make three dots; L, a long dash, made by holding down the key about the time required to make five dots, while the cipher is a prolonged dash made by pressing long enough to have made seven dots. Thus, T, short dash; L, dash longer than T; Cipher, extra long dash.

COMBINATION LETTERS. The remainder of the alphabet is made by combining the dots and dashes. A, dot, dash; N, dash, dot. D, dash, two dots; U, two dots, dash. B, dash, three dots; V, three dots, dash. G, two dashes, one dot; W, one dot, two dashes. F, dot, dash, dot; J, dash, dot, dash, dot; K, dash, dot, dash; Q, two dots, dash, dot; X, dot, dash, two dots; M, two dashes. A period is made thus: two dots, two dashes, two dots. It is not necessary to learn the figures until after you have mastered the letters for they can be spelled out. Just so with the punctuation, as there is very little use for other than the period.

A beginner should be careful to form and space letters very carefully, as this will lead to a perfect style of sending. Below we add the alphabet.

A —	B — — —	C — —	D — — —	E —	F — — —
G — — —	H — — —	I — —	J — — —	K — — —	
L — — —	M — — —	N — —	O — —	P — — — —	Q — — —
R — — —	S — — —	T — —	U — — —	V — — — —	W — — —
X — — —	Y — — —	Z — — —	& — — —		

NUMERALS.

1 — — — —	2 — — — —	3 — — — —	4 — — — —
5 — — — —	6 — — — —	7 — — — —	8 — — — —
9 — — — —	0 — — — —		

PUNCTUATION.

Period	Comma	Semi-colon	Quotation
Exclamation	Interrogation	Parenthesis	

AN ARMY OF GREAT WRITERS



FROM BOTH CONTINENTS, among which stand conspicuous the names of Ian Maclaren, and Edward Everett Hale, will contribute to make **THE YOUTH'S REALM** for **1898** one of the greatest literary magazines of the day.

Our low price of 35 cents a year will not be advanced notwithstanding the store of good things we shall give our readers during the coming months. Among them we mention the following:

Stories by Famous Writers.

Why Mars Is Said to Be Inhabited.

Modern Stage Mechanism From Behind the Scenes.

Buried Records of the Past. Several interesting papers.

Inside the Great Stamp Marts of Europe and America.

Illustrated Stamp News, Tricks, Puzzles, Science and Invention, Out-Door Amusements, Etc., Etc.

Many hundred choice articles in all, on the greatest range of subjects likely to interest every member of the family—both young and old.

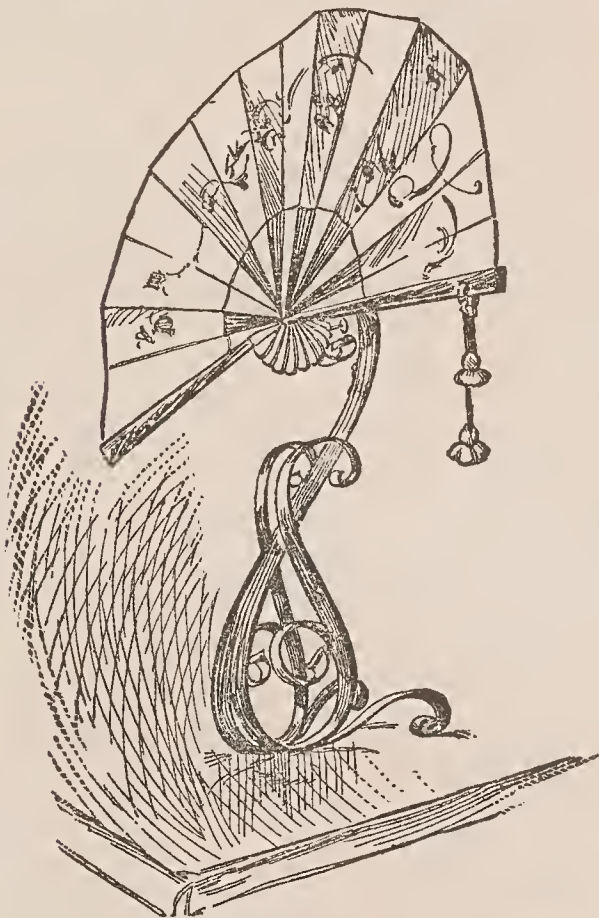
A. BULLARD & CO., 97 Pembroke St., Boston, Mass.



THE YOUNG HOUSE- KEEPER'S PAGE.

Novel Lamp Shade.

A new form of lamp or candle shade has been introduced. The standard is of wrought iron in fanciful pattern and



UNIQUE LAMP SHADE.

affords a method at once safe and effective for displaying any choice fan one may happen to possess. It has the further advantage that when not in use as a light shade it forms an effective wall ornament in the daytime. On an enlarged scale this same model may

serve as a fireplace screen. Indeed, to the clever woman it will prove full of suggestions.

Hints on Piano Playing.

The position of the player at the piano and the position of his hand on the piano are of vital importance. The elbow should always be on a level with the keyboard, and the fingers of the hand, especially the second finger or finger near the thumb, should be gracefully curved.

When first studying a piece, one should never use the pedal, and before the piece is placed on the music desk the student should decipher the rhythm, for very often supposed difficulties in technic are merely rhythm misunderstood. No matter how well known, the piece to be studied should always be played slowly and gone over in the most painstaking fashion. No other piece should be studied until the first has been thoroughly mastered. The indiscriminate running over of several pieces during practicing hours is most unfortunate, for the students who do this invariably blunder through some half dozen pieces and play all abominably, says a writer in Etude.

A Welcome Fad.

"I glory in the new woman, in that so often she is rich and beautiful," writes Lillian Bell in *The Woman's Home Companion*. "It is easy enough to be good if you are plain. In fact, there is nothing else left for a plain woman to do. But to take these lovely girls who are tempted by society to idle away their days and waste their lives listening to a flattery which is but a thing of the moment and let them have sense to see through its hollowness and want to be something and do something, and it becomes heroic. Perhaps it is only a fad. Then heaven send more fads! If it is the fashion to have a vocation and to educate oneself along these lines,

which were never heard of a few years ago, then for once fashion has accidentally become noble. It strikes me rather that the reign of common sense has begun, that the age of utility has come.

When nine out of every ten girls you meet in smart society have a distinct vocation of their own; when a girl who only sings or plays or crochets is considered by her sister woman to be a butterfly; when society girls are being trained nurses; when, if you are paying calls upon a fashionable friend, you are quite apt to be told that she is living at Hull House this month; when a girl whose face generally appears in the society column suddenly comes out as the composer of a new song; when a girl who dances best at the balls calmly announces that she is taking a course at the university; when everything nowadays is gone into so seriously—the time has come to look the question of the new woman squarely in the face—to put a stop to cheap witticisms at her expense and to give her your honest respect."

Backgrounds For Flowers.

According to *The Art Amateur*, it is important in a flower composition that the background should either harmonize with or offer a contrast to the dominant note of color. A bunch of violets, for instance, will look well on a ground of duller violet gray, which is in harmony with it, or on a ground of yellow, which is a contrast. It will do well on brown, which is also in contrast with both the leaves and the flowers, and makes their colors look brighter, but hardly on red, which robs the flowers of their color and makes them look almost gray, while it brings out the green of the leaves more than is necessary. Nevertheless, a little red in a picture in which there is a large mass of violet almost always looks well, but that red becomes then the dominant note, and the violet only an accessory.

The Prince's Lesson.

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the crown prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governor reported him to his father. "Very well," said the crown prince. "After this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed or his hands, and he went out to walk with his governor, feeling proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by. This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood still and straight and did not salute. The prince looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute. When the walk was finished and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father, exclaiming:

"Papa, papa, you must whip all your soldiers. They refuse to salute me when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the crown prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower bath every morning.—Exchange.

The Lady Moon and the Stars.

"Now, children dear, come trim your lamps,"

Said Lady Moon one night
To all the laughing little stars.
It was a funny sight

To see them crowding, crowding home.
Fresh from a long day's play,
A band of tricksy, twinkling sprites,
Along the azure way.

"And hush, my dears!" said Lady Moon
"Your father's gone to bed.
You know he's traveled far today,
And so would rest, he said.

"And I myself am busy, dears,
With managing my tides,
And, oh, my dears, my hands are full
Of many things besides.

"My lamp, of which the poets sing,
Will burn tonight but low,
So take your lamps and haste away.
You all your stations know.

"The world is fond of starlight, dears,
I've heard your father say.
By it the sailor guides his bark,
The traveler steers his way."

Then evening star and polar star,
The Great and Little Bear
And those who light the milky way,
All took their stations there.

Sweet Venus' light shone pale blue,
And Mars' a fiery red,
And still they climbed the wondrous hill
And hung their lamps o'erhead.

Then "twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Lisped many a happy child.
But, oh, the sweetest, best of all—
The world looked up and smiled.

A Story of Nelson.

Captain Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," tells the following story of the great sailor: The fleet letters had just been sent off when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieutenant Pasco, the signal officer, who, upon hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation and uttered an exclamation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter. "Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply. "You are not the man to lose your temper for

nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?" "Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most exacting of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on board the Victoria, and the message which put me out was this: I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off the mail bags that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket." "Hoist the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

Classified.

"Josiar," said Mrs. Cornrossel, "what did that man say when ye asked him fur yer money back after he sold ye the gold brick?"

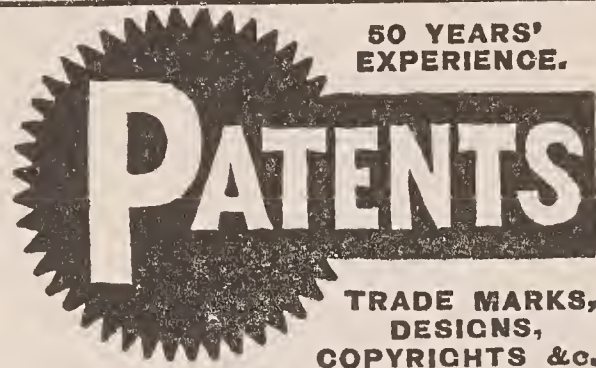
"He jes' went plum crazy on the spot. He looked me over an then he exclaimed, 'Well, you're a bird!'"

"He didn't mention what kind of bird, did he?"

"Yes. An being it was the fust time I ever heard anybody rave, his words made a deep impression on my memory. I asked him what kind of a bird he took me fur, an he grinned an says, 'Well, mister, jedgin by the melancholy expression in yer eye, I should take ye ter be a blue jay.'"—Washington Star.

Rock Pictures.

There are upon the face of the basaltic rock in Lake county, Or., a large number of pictures of Indians, animals, birds and reptiles of various sorts. They have evidently been cut with some sharp instrument, and the work is very creditable, some of the drawings being excellent. The figures and pictures are arranged in rows and groups. It is thought that the pictures resemble those found in Central America and Mexico. Students of archæology are of the opinion that they may indicate the existence of a civilization which long ago passed from the memory and knowledge of man.—New York Ledger.



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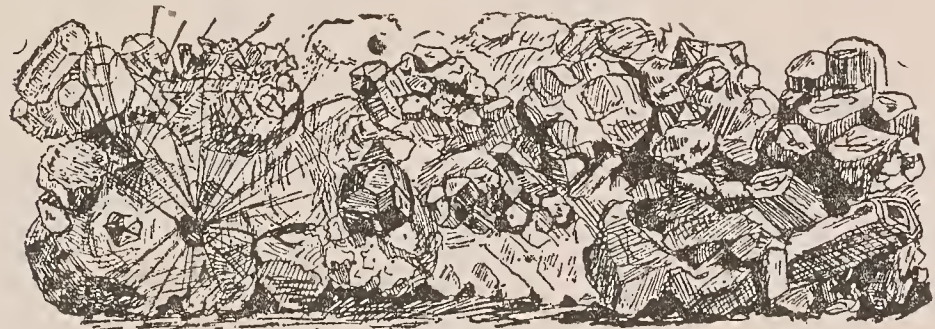
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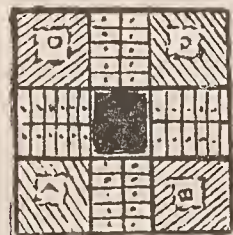
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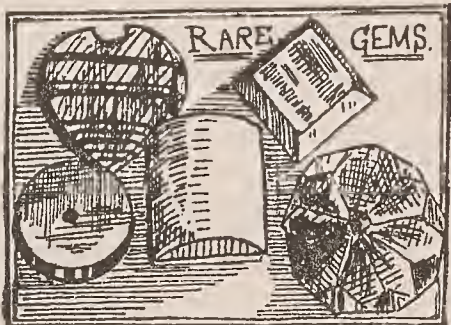
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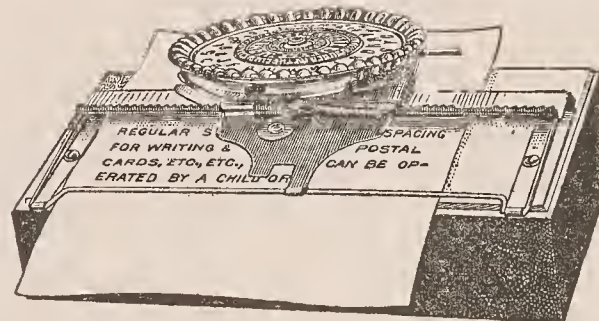
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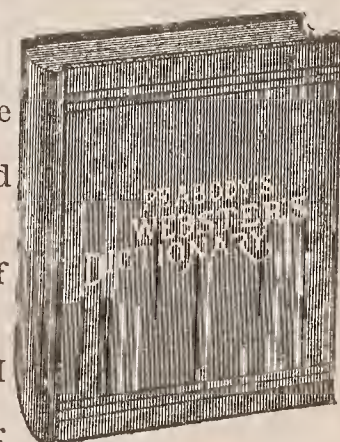


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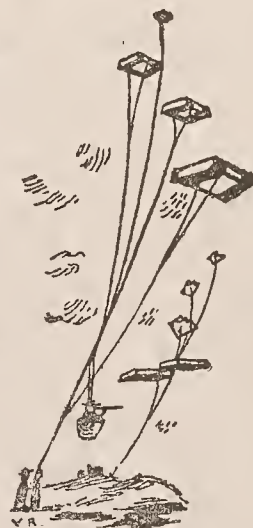


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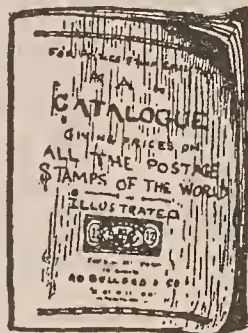


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Don't forget the two 2c stamps. Cut out the coupon now!



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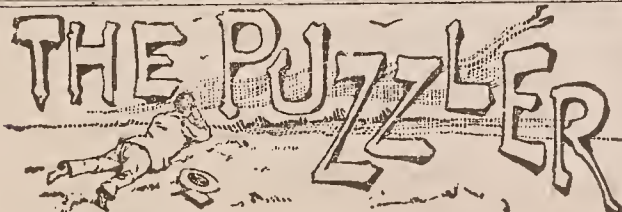
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No. 157.—Transposition.

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Whose merits led to long discourses.
Their **ONE** are of no moment—we
Will call them Deacons A. and B.
They thought the only way to settle
The question was to try their mettle.
Each deacon sternly turned his back
Upon the vulgar racing track.
Before the two it should be tried,
The parson would the race decide.
The day was fine as fine could be,
And all the church was there to see.
The horses started, fair and square,
Their bright **THREE** tossing in the air.
Well matched they seemed in point of speed,
But Deacon A. soon took the lead.
He swung his hat in pride of place,
And by that **FOUR** he lost the race.
B. drove on fast as he could drive
And came in first 'mid rousing **FIVE**.

No. 158.—Satisfactions.

A (author of "Fables") (author of "Night Thoughts") (author of "Romance of the Republic"), dressed in a (author of "Elegy In a Country Churchyard") (author of "Social Statics"), with (author of articles in The Tattler and The Spectator) buttons and carrying an enormous (author of "Sir Eustace Gray"), the like of which is seldom seen on (author of "Imaginary Conversations") sea, and who (author of "Memorial of Alice and Phebe Cary") to tell the (name of a periodical) claims to have discovered a "(first poet laureate) in the closet" under (Nasby) and (author of "The Star Spangled Banner").

Do you play the game of nine men (author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree")? I play it no (author of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain").

Since he lost his (author of "Adams and Liberty") he declares that he feels like a (author of "Loss and Gain").

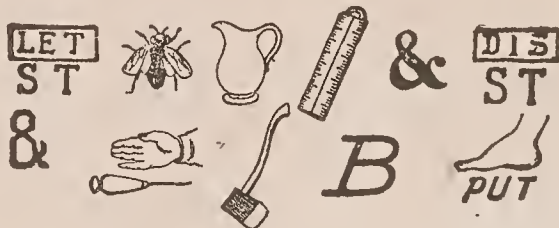
No. 159.—Anagram.

The farmer leads a peaceful life.

If free from spite and greed,
But when he sees the "CITY CARS,"
'Tis then he feels his need.

No. 160.—Illustrated Rebuses.

1



2



—Country Gentleman.

No. 161.—Anagrammatical Letter.

A lady who had received letters from many young ladies, urging her to advise them as to what pursuit they should follow, replied as follows:

DEAR GIRLS—It gives me great pleasure to assist young ladies who are just starting out to earn their own living. Perhaps some of you would be a milliner, and sew lace or velvet on PRETTY WIRE frames, but I say—LASS, DELAY, and think well of THE CARE which that calling involves. It is true I have a special aversion to the trade, and a mind thus MASKED ERRS in judgment sometimes. But IF WE USE, OH, ever so little thought we shall see that unless one has a special taste for the calling she will not succeed in it.

If you wish to HELP GREATER and nobler ones than I have mentioned, remember the faithful in little will be faithful in much. Yours maternally, R. P. TRINE.

No. 162.—An Ingenious Servant.

A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a hamper, to which was affixed the following address: "To Alderman Gobble, with IX ducks." The servant, having more ingenuity

than honesty, took out three of the ducks and contrived it so that the direction on the hamper corresponded with the number of ducks. As he neither erased any word or letter, nor made a new direction, how did he manage it?

"I am no prizefighter," said the laundryman, "but if any one gives me cuffs I'll proceed to do 'em up."

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'butterine'?" asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stiffly replied the grocer's clerk.

"That air is very familiar," said the wheelman as he heard the sound of it escaping from his punctured tire.

"Yes, my girl is undoubtedly very lazy, or at least she was lazy," said the faithful lover, "but she has reformed. When she retires at night now, she puts her hair up in curl papers so as to wake up curly in the morning."

"I've just looked in to see if you are doing well," as the cook said to the lobster when she lifted up the saucepan lid.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 149.—Missing Rhymes: Sally, alley, game, exclaim, galley.

No. 150.—Polish For Sharp Wits: Divide 2,519 by any of the digits, and the remainder will be one less than the divisor.

No. 151.—Pictorial For Little Folks: Pets on board ship afford a great deal of amusement to both passengers and sailors.

No. 152.—Metagram: Cheat.

No. 153.—Diamond and Hourglass:

B E T H E R
G A Y H O B
L O C K E U
F O X A R C
N W A S T E

No. 154.—Word Puzzle: Madam.

No. 155.—Curtailed: Dirty.

No. 156.—Geographical Anagrams: 1. Florence. 2. America. 3. Baltimore. 4. Calthness. 5. Demerara. 6. Agincourt. 7. Delaware.



BICYCLE MAIL ROUTES.



SINCE there has been some talk of establishing a bicycle mail route in the Klondyke region we are reminded of similar attempts along this line for the transportation of mail matter between points not reached by any regular mail service.

The pony express of olden times has been superseded by the bicycle as well as the steam railway and pneumatic mail tube.

In 1894, during the great rail-road strike which lasted for three weeks, the mails were delayed in western cities, and in some places entirely stopped. There was no connection by rail between San Francisco and the city of Fresno, California, from the 8th until the 19th of July. Mr A. C. Banta established a bicycle route between the two cities during the strike, for the purpose of carrying mail matter heretofore sent by government post. The rate was 25c a letter. His stamps were roughly printed in green ink on white paper, were in the shape of a diamond, and bore the design of a bicycle in the centre, with the following inscription around the label: A. R. U. Strike, Fresno and San Francisco Bicycle Mail Route, 1894. 25 cents. Only eight-hundred of the original stamps were printed, after which a correction in the spelling of San Francisco was made in the plate and a few hundred extra copies struck off before the die was destroyed. Hence some collectors look upon these locals as specimens of intrinsic value. Besides the adhesive a red-brown envelope stamp, of the same design, was prepared, but little used. It took about three days to make the trip between the above-mentioned cities. Several expert riders completed it in runs of 50 miles each.



About the same time the Coolgardie Cycle Express was started in the mining districts of Australia away from the regular mail service. Letters and telegrams were carried by the company for a sum

varying from 12 cents to \$1.25. It took about 14 hours to complete the distance. The above cut represents the design of the stamp. The mails finally became so heavy that it was necessary to use a camel in place of the wheel. Several side trips were made to various places within a radius of a hundred miles, making the route very profitable. But in 1896 the government made some permanent provisions for a mail route through the mining districts, and the local post was discontinued.



Just before the old issue of Newfoundland was retired to make room for the new Jubilee set, the 3¢ value, formerly brown, was printed in a new shade, decidedly on the purple. As very few of the new color were printed they are likely to become rare.



Negri Sembilan has issued two post cards similar to cut of Sun-gei Ujong stamp, with proper name at top.



The 1-2¢ Canadian Jubilee stamps now sell for 40¢. The 6¢ bring 70¢.



We here-with illustrate the new 8 cent value of the North Borneo with native characters in corner, as now appearing.

The 5¢ Peru (type of annexed cut with warrior instead of Indian in oval) has appeared in a new color—green instead of blue.

Unused postage stamps pass for fractional currency in Alaska.

STAMPS.

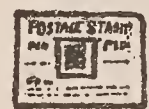
To advertise our paper more extensively we have started one of the largest stamp concerns on earth. Buy of the publishers and importers and save other men's profits. Unused 1c and 2c stamps taken in pay.



CATALOGUES ETC. Prices we pay you for U. S. and foreign stamps, illustrated, 5c. Prices paid for all U. S. coins actually worth over face, also colonial pieces etc., new edition, 5c. Cat. stamps of world, 25c. Lists of sets, packets, etc., free. Perforation Gauges, for detecting counterfeits and varieties, 5c. **Blank Approval Sheets**, to hold 20 stamps, cheap grade, 20 for 9c. Best grade onion skin, for 60 stamps each, 10c doz.

ALBUMS. Climax Stamp Album, over 100 pages, illust., 25c. Better paper, 35c. World Stamp Album, to hold over 2000 stamps, illustrated, 18c.

HINGES. Machine-cut, already bent; something new; large box, over 1000, 10c. Gummed paper, large sheet, 4c.



ENVELOPES for stamp packets, printed as in cut, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, 25 for 7c. 100 23c. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 25 for 9c. 100 29c.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell stamps from sheets on 50 per cent. commission. Every new agent will receive a beautiful, illustrated Album containing some foreign stamps, free. Whether you buy stamps yourself or sell to others it costs nothing to become an agent. Send good references.



Award of Prizes for Nov.

The highest prize offered this month for guessing our puzzle has been awarded to Mr. A. KONETZKO of Darien, Ga. We have given him the privilege of selecting a watch, a stamp album, or a number of rare stamps. In all nearly thirty prizes were given out during the month of Nov. The contest remains open for several months.

We represent below three of the beautiful stamps of Toga. Others of



this set will be illustrated next month.

It is expected that the government will soon establish a postal savings bank in every post-office, where citizens can deposit money and receive interest as in an ordinary savings bank.

The Nebraska Philatelic Society has 161 members, all active collectors residing within the state.

For the stamp exhibit in connection with the Trans-Mississippi Exposition Mr. E. W. Fitts has lent his unique collection of counterfeit stamps. It is one of the best collections of its kind to be found anywhere.

The president of the American Philatelic Association, Hon. F. F. Olney, has a collection worth \$100,000.

A souvenir Cuban coin has been minted in New York for the purpose of furthering the Cuban cause. Lucky it wasn't another stamp!

Our next number will surpass all.

Dealer's Stocks of stamps and publications, \$1.16 and \$2.65. Approval sheet mixture, 500, \$1.00

Sets Etc. Postage 1c

Extra each time you write for anything below.

3c each set: 5 India, 6 Wurtemb'g Offic'l, 6 Greece, 3 Bosnia, *6 Sardinia, 8 Japan, 7 Portugal, 3 Peru, *5 Roman States, *5 Switzerl'd 1878, 3 Chile Telegraph, 3 Austria, 1850, 3 Aust 1853, 3 A 1861, 3 A 1863, 5 Wurtemberg.

4c each set: 6 Luxemburg, *4 Venezuela, 6 Finland, 6 Sweden Official, 4 Italy Unpaid,

5c each set: 14 Australia, 6 Egypt, *4 Servia, 10 Roumania, 5 Turkey, *5 Swiss Teleg'ph, 3 Italy Unpaid blue, *3 French Guinea, *3 Guiana, *3 Sudan, *3 Congo, *3 New Caledonia.

8c each set: *5 Bergeford, 6 Bulgaria.

9c each set: 8 Hungary 1888, 10 Argentine, 5 Austria Unpaid. 10c each set: *3 Corea, *7 Hamb'g Envelopes, 8 Mexican Revenues.

Sets 12c each: *10 Cuba, *5 Honduras 1891, 6 Same '92, 20 Roumania. Also *8 Samoa 13c., 5 Greece Oly'p Games 15c., 2 Japan Silver Wedding 15c., 4 Japan War issue 20c., *7 Thurn & Taxis 24c., *4 New Brunswick 40c. Postage extra *Means unused.

Packets. 105 mixed [some duplicates], Roman States, Constantinople, Porto Rico, Sweden Official, etc., 10c. 1000 mostly Europe, but incl'g Trinidad, Chile, Japan, Jamaica, etc., 40c. 30 diff't U. S. Envel's Depts Columbus, etc., 25c. 100 diff't Shanghai, Straits, Bulgaria, etc., 20c. Catalogues of hundreds of sets etc., free. Great bargains!

Address, A. BULLARD & CO.,
97 PEMBROKE STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE PROPER STAMP HINGE.

The proper stamp hinge should not be made of thin paper. Thin paper does not hold a stamp in place but allows it to slip around out of the true perpendicular, however carefully it is mounted in your album. Ninety percent of the hinges sold to-day are too thin for practical use, and yet collectors wonder why their stamps do not look as well as Billy Smith's—and Bill pastes his flat onto a sheet of brown paper.

Few persons who make up approval sheets know how to save time in attaching the hinge to the stamp. The best way is to paste a dozen or more hinges on the sheet at one time and then lay on all the stamps.

A large stamp hinge is better than a small one. It is easier to handle, it sticks better, and holds the stamp in place while a small one, unless quite thick, fails to do this.

POST OFFICE REPORT.

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General has submitted his report for the past fiscal year. The number of post offices in the United States has increased from 75 in 1790 to 71,022 in 1897. 1061 offices were established during the year and 939 discontinued. The average amount expended in the use of the mails by an inhabitant of the state of New York is \$2.12 while South Carolina spends but 29 cents per capita, this being the lowest amount of any state.

To ensure greater safety to parcels sent by registered post a special stamped envelope made of some durable material is recommended. It is to bear a ten cent envelope stamp of new design, and sell for its face value at any post office.

AUTOMATIC LETTER ELEVATOR.

The Philatelic Monthly gives an account of a very useful, but somewhat complicated, mail-delivery used in a number of the larger buildings at Geneva, Switzerland, to save the letter carrier from climbing to the top floor to deliver his letters. He places his mail for each story in a special compartment built on the plan of a dumb waiter or a miniature elevator. When a letter falls inside the compartment an electric current opens a faucet on the top story, and the water, running into a receptacle connected with the elevator, forms a counterweight which raises the letter as the weight descends. When the elevator is up and the weight at the bottom the water flows out of the cylinder, the letter jumps out of the box, and the car returns to the ground floor.

Although the recent destruction of the government stamp plates from which all obsolete issues of U. S. stamps were printed makes it quite certain that we shall never see any new reprints of these stamps, still it would be possible for the department to prepare a reprint edition since the original dies are still in the possession of the bureau of printing and engraving. A die is made of soft steel which is engraved by hand and afterwards hardened. This is communicated to the plate also hardened after the process. The stamps are printed from the latter.

Through the kindness of P. D. Thomas of Ottawa, we have received a copy of the new 1-2c stamp of Canada.

ST. LOUIS NOTES

We clip the following from the Allegheny Philatelist.

A St. Louis firm proposes to start a Stamp Trading Mart. There will be no goods sold outright for cash, but anyone may obtain whatever he desires in the way of clothing, shoes, furniture, dry goods, etc. in exchange for stamps. Whether the plan will work remains to be seen.

Sympathy for Cuba is here expressed in various ways. At the Post-Office corner a Cuban flag has been flying for months past with an appropriate motto in Spanish underneath which is changed occasionally. On Olive Street a dealer recently displayed sheets of stamps of the Republic of Cuba and they sold faster than his other goods.

At the present writing the great St. Louis Fair is in full operation. As this is an annual event which is advertised in twenty states, it always brings a tremendous crowd of people to the city. While we are writing these notes the parade of the Veiled Prophet is taking place. Tomorrow evening the South Broadway Merchants will have a parade on a similar order, and on Thursday there will be almost no business done, as all St. Louis, as usual, attends the Fair on that day. When our country cousins come to see us, we entertain them as well as we can, and when they leave us to return home they know a great deal more about stamps and kindred subjects than when they came.

CANADIAN COMMENT.

We are indebted to the Allegheny Phil for the following information:

It is surprising to notice how many people "prick up their ears" whenever stamps is the subject of conversation anywhere about. This is one of the results of the issuance of our Jubilee stamps.

Dame Rumor has it that two more stamp papers will shortly appear from this city—Berlin, Ont. One will be called the "Canadian Collector" and the other the "Boy's Own Philatelist." Some more people who have money to burn! The latter paper will probably act as official organ of the Boy's Own Phil. Association.

The only Jubilee stamp that can be bought singly at this post-office is the 3 cent, all other values having been sold out.

On Jan. 1st Canada will have another new issue of stamps. In appearance they will resemble the third issue of Canadian Bill stamps.



.....S. C. A. NOTES.....

Still the society increases in strength and membership. "The S. C. A. has come to stay." Let this be the society "yell" for '98.

A new badge has been adopted. It is of silvered ribbon upon which the initials S. C. A. are beautifully inscribed in red. All former members who received badges without the initials can return the same to headquarters with a one-cent stamp for postage and receive the new badge free.

There is an advantage in adopting a uniform color.

Still the controversy as to the advisability of using a secret alphabet goes on, but the time has not yet come to settle this matter definitely. Many seem to be in favor of it, but the publishers of the YOUTH'S REALM have not consented to its use in the columns of this paper.

Every stamp collector should join our ranks. Concerted action alone will bring ultimate success and help the cause we are all so much interested in. Stamp collecting is growing more popular every day, and largely because of the many societies like the S. C. A. to further the cause.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

One penny British Inland Revenues are sometimes watermarked with an orb (which is surmounted by a cross) but this does not add to their value.

R. S. If you will send us your set of stamps we will tell you what they are worth.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

This month we make another great offer—The Youth's Realm three months for 8¢ and a free package of stamps, stamp publications, etc. worth many times the price asked for the paper, thrown in as a gift, if two extra stamps are sent us. We do this, in the first place, to gain new subscribers. After a party has read our paper for three months he wants to renew his subscription for twelve more months and thus become a permanent subscriber. In the second place every package of samples we send out advertises our goods and brings us custom. We do not make one cent of profit on this twelve cent offer. In fact we have thus far lost money at the start on each package of samples given away with a three month's trial subscription. But our returns in the end have more than made up for this loss. If you are not a subscriber do not fail to make use of our coupon at once. It will pay you from the start, and we will look to the future for our share of the bargain.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SELLING OUT Surplus Stock of **STAMPS.** Large illustrated album, worth 25c, for 12c. 20 blank approval sheets 9c. Scott's '97 Cat. 45c. Bullard's '97 Cat. 12c. 10c sheet gum paper, 4c. No Agents. **HILL STAMP CO.,** Bx. 87, Sta. A, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS! If you want to buy stamps cheap send for our approval sheets at 60 p.c. discount. Stamp hinges 8c pr 1000. F. F. Jelke, 516 La Salle Ave., Chicago.

APPROVAL SHEETS

at 50 and 10 per cent commission. Good reference required for 10 p.c. sheets. Send for catalogue of packets. 100 all diff. 15c. 20 rare 25c. Agts wanted. Prizes for every new agt. Add's **C. J. Carver** Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa.

GOLD \$100.00 in Gold given away, by The Youths' Advocate, Nashville, Tenn. to the person who will form the greatest number of words from the name DRAUGHON. Send, before the contest closes, for free sample copy of the Youths' Advocate, which will explain the offer in full. The Youths' Advocate is a semi-monthly journal of sixteen pages, elevating in character and moral in tone. Especially interesting and profitable to young people, but read with interest and profit by people of all ages. Non-denominational. Stories and other interesting matter well illustrated. [Mention this paper when writing.]

DON'T Forget our special, 50c edition when renewing subscriptions.

✧ TO ADVERTISERS. ✧

NOTWITHSTANDING the increase in circulation during the past twelve months, our advertising rates (90c per inch; 10c per line) will not be advanced for the present. Even a small ad in our paper ought to pay you well when you take into consideration our low rate and the size of our circulation.

STAMP DEALERS

should patronize our next big issue which is to be circulated among thousands of stamp collectors in all parts of the United States and Canada. We shall mail copies of this edition to over **5000 active collectors** who are looking for bargains and stamp agencies. Of the **20 000 readers** who are interested in every department of our paper who will see this special number, we guarantee at least 25 per cent. of them to be stamp collectors at the present time.

Copy of your ad should be sent in at once. Our LAST forms for the January edition close on the 10th of December, but to insure space and good position send in your copy AT ONCE. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to increase your business. Rates for this issue will not be increased but remain only 45 cents per half inch, or 90 cents an inch. Address—

A. BULLARD & CO.,

Publishers of THE YOUTH'S REALM,

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A WATCH and THE YOUTH'S REALM a YEAR, all for \$1.00

By arrangements with one of the largest watch companies in the world we are able to make you an offer which has never been equalled in the history of the publishing business. To the first 20 000 who answer this advertisement and send us \$1.00 we will give a yearly subscription to The Youth's Realm and a GUARANTEED American watch which will give perfect satisfaction, keep good time and stand hard usage for 10 years.

For 2 subscriptions at 35c each and 50c extra we give the same watch, or for 4 subscriptions and 10c extra. Get up a club and earn a watch while this offer lasts.



1000 Mixed foreign stamps

given for one yearly subscription to The Youth's Realm at 35c and 50c extra for postage and packing. Stamps are not sold separately. This is a much better mixture of Continentals than that usually sold by other dealers. We have purchased several barrels of these stamps and offer them virtually free, while they last, to advertise our paper.

FREE PRIZES.

ONE given away EACH DAY

To the first person who can read our prize puzzle. Can you read it? Here it is—

LOONND. SIPAR. GOACHIC.

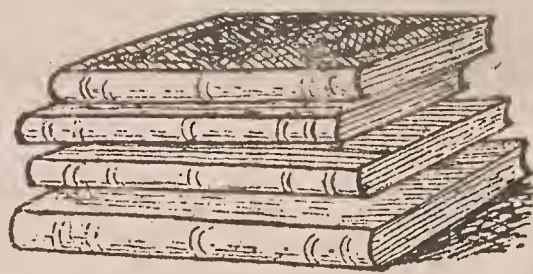
Transpose the letters in these three words so that each



one will spell the name of a great city. The letters are now mixed up but if you can arrange them properly each of the first two will spell a city in Europe and the last a city in the United States. For example, TON-SOB would be BOSTON, and HAM-AO, OMAHA. Now try your skill on the others. Between Sept. 1 1897 and July 1, 1898 we shall give away a prize each day to the first person whose letter we

open in the morning and find therein the correct solution to our great prize puzzle. The smallest prize will consist of three rare stamps worth at least 15 cents in the catalogue. On a certain day of each month (determined beforehand and known only to us) we shall give away either a nice Watch, a large Scott Stamp Album, or its value in rare stamps, as the winner may choose. Names of recipients of our larger prizes will be published each month in The Youth's Realm. Now please read the Necessary Rules to Follow:

Each letter with answer must contain at least 10 cents in payment for anything we sell—premiums, stamps, publications, &c. If more than 10c is sent a larger prize will be awarded, proportionate to the amount remitted, although 10c draws a watch, album, or certain stamps. Guess often—every time you write; and make your remittances large if possible. Write answers at top of letter.

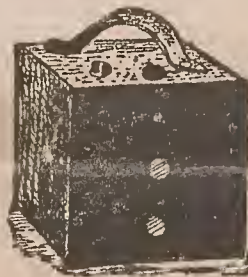


THE FALCON CAMERA

for 3½ by 3½ pictures, manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Co., given to the party securing us a club of 20 yearly subscribers to THE YOUTH'S REALM at 35c each.

We sell this camera alone for

\$5.00. Good results are assured purchasers.



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Fine wheels for ladies, gentlemen, boys or girls given for new subscribers. For a club of 170 at 35c each we present you with one of these new wheels. Part cash will also be accepted. Price, juvenile, \$40.00; adult, \$50.00. For 70 yearly subscribers a good second-hand wheel.



A Box of 1000 New Stamp Hinges

machine cut and already BENT for use, saving half your time by this improvement over the old kind, given for a 3-mos. trial sub. to The Youth's Realm at 10c and 2c extra.



An Electric Telegraph Outfit

Consisting of sounder, key, battery, chemicals, etc., given for 5 yearly subscriptions to The Youth's Realm. Not sold separately. "How to Learn Telegraphy," manual and alphabet, given for one 3-mos. trial subscrip'n at 10c. Good telegraphers are in demand and it therefore pays to learn the art.

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Of Stamps, Packets, Pocket Albums, Hinge Paper, Approval Sheets, Price Lists and in fact everything necessary for commencing business.

FREE for Two Yearly Subscriptions to THE YOUTH'S REALM.



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For One Yearly Subscription and 3 cents extra we offer The Illustrated "WORLD" Stamp Album, made to hold about 2500 stamps. On good paper, stiff covers, artistically printed.

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A set of 3 Genuine Confederate Bills for One Yearly Subscription. 6 all different for 2 Subscriptions. Old and unique.